

Paragraph on the Charms of Country Life

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What a world of a difference between the town and the country! In the town one is surrounded by man-made things. But in the country the environments are different. Out there, one feels that one is in the very bosom of Nature. Turn where he will, he will be faced with the living presence of God. For, what are the various objects in Nature if not the manifestations of the Divine Being?

The country, with its fields and meadows, its lakes and streams, its hills and woods, presents a scene far more beautiful than anything that a town can offer. Where can the town get such serene beauty, such magnificence and grandeur as is presented by the innumerable flowers of varying hues blooming in the meadows, by the mountains raising their lofty height far into the skies, or by the fields of green corn waving their heads in the breeze and looking like a vast sea of emerald!

Peace and tranquility reign supreme in the country. The noise and bustle that racks the nerves of the town-dweller, from early dawn to late into the night, is conspicuous by its absence. What a blessing! The stifling and oppressive atmosphere of the town, the feeling of boredom and gloominess that overtakes one residing in a town in spite of its life and activity are things practically unknown in the country.

Here, there are no piles of bricks and stones stacked side by side in an unending line to choke the atmosphere, no mills and factories to taint the pure breeze. A person can enjoy the pure open air to his heart's content. He can sit for hours on end by the side of some babbling brook and listen to its soft murmur as it flows past, its waves lapping the banks.

He can watch the sun setting in all his glory behind some high hill or in the bosom of a lake. He can hear the chattering of birds as they return to their nests with the falling darkness. There is no one here to disturb his placid enjoyment of such sights and scenes. Then as he contemplates all these beauties he feels himself transported to some fairyland. Do towns and cities afford such charming prospects?

The country provides unlimited scope for innocent pleasures and enjoyments. Apart from the passive gratification of the senses of sight and sound described above, everyone can engage himself in active pursuits which are healthy and delightful. Rising from bed early in the morning, a long tramp through fields and meadows, along rivers and brooks, breathing the pure air and smelling the fresh-blown flowers, is indeed delightful. Then perhaps a dip in the river and return home full of fresh and renewed vigor; what can be more pleasant!

The social life in the country, though it has some drawbacks, is nevertheless much better than that of towns and cities. In a town or city one does not know one's neighbours. He is perfectly unconcerned with his neighbour's weal or woe. It is unusual to find that while the pall of death hangs over one house, festivities and rejoicings are going on in an adjacent house.

Not so in the country. Here the people dwelling in a particular locality know one another fully well. Each family is familiar with the history of all other families in the neighbourhood. There are practically no big secrets amongst country-dwellers. They lead a sort of corporate life, helping one another in times of trouble and difficulties, sympathising with a neighbour's misfortune or rejoicing in his prosperity.